

## Home Reading.

July.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

All nature sings a hymn of joy  
To the Lord of the harvest now—  
While waving corn and golden grain  
Before His presence bow.  
Upon a thousand wooded hills,  
The lovely chestnuts raise  
Their heads, with feathery blossoms crowned,  
In ecstasy of praise.  
Majestic rivers anthems chant—  
The streamlets clap their hands;  
And from high Heaven Jehovah speaks  
In thunder His commands.  
—V. B. H.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]  
A Trip into Mexico.

Soon after leaving Buffalo, we ordered the beds made up. The porter and his assistant placed the chairs on their sides under the windows, put up a series of brass pillars in the floor sockets, stretched strips of canvas between them, hung up curtains around them, threw on a few bedclothes and a couple of pillows, and our parlor was transformed into a double row of staterooms, with a bed in each. I crawled into my berth, and found it much more comfortable than any I had ever tried on land or sea. The canvas boat is a great improvement over the miserable hard mattress usually provided.

When I put my head out into the passageway, there was no berth there. I found the berth had all disappeared, except mine, which was now occupying one corner of a breakfast room. I soon put myself in condition to vacate my room, and standing one side saw it disappear even more rapidly than it had come into existence. One part of the performance struck me as quick and effective, though rather novel. The porter took up a soft lead pencil, and wrote in large figures the number of my berth on the pillow cases and sheets. I felt sure of my bed linen, but wondered if the landlady approved this method.

We crossed the river and ran into the station at Detroit at 9 A.M. Without delay we sat down to breakfast. The bill of fare consisted of fruit, fish, steak, chops, potatoes, rolls, corn bread, and coffee. The cook showed that the fatigue of travel had no effect on his skill. We could not leave Detroit till 3:45 P.M., and so determined to go into the city on a tour of investigation. Great wide streets, handsome business and public buildings, and elegant private residences, with tastefully arranged lawns about them, are the noticeable features of the "Paris of America," as they call it.

At Toledo, Mr. Byington left us, to the great regret of all. To the end of our journey we found continual evidences of his kind attention to our comfort. His name was one to conjure with, and we never used it in vain. His friends were always on hand at the right time and place to render us service.

From Toledo we went to St. Louis over the Wabash system, arriving there about eight o'clock. The bridge over the Mississippi is a marvelous piece of engineering, which we saw to perfection from the rear platform. The hour here was fully occupied in filling tanks and refrigerators, getting fresh fruit, milk, cream, and fish on the part of the officials; and in inspecting the specimens of St. Louis people and entertaining railroad men by ourselves. Soon after leaving St. Louis we crossed the Missouri river, and the great St. Charles bridge, a track walker, who had jumped on the platform, seeing me regarding the river far below, informed me that the bridge had already twice broken down, and let a train drop into the water. By the time I had settled what our chances of life would be after that sort of a tumble, we had arrived in safety on the other side, and the problem ceased to be of so much interest.

The country presented a continual succession of cultivated fields, wooded hills and valleys, and many bright streams of water. We left hurrying behind at St. Louis. The train went leisurely between stations, and stopped long at them. All the inhabitants of the region round about seemed to use the stations as places of rendezvous at train time. We sometimes stopped at a place which had but a score or two of buildings, and where but two or three people would get on or off, and yet there would be thirty or forty men, women, and children on the platform. I did not miss getting off a single time all day. The appearance and actions of the people, and scraps of conversation which I heard, were highly entertaining. The people seemed strong, prosperous, and contented. At ten o'clock we rolled into Kansas City. We had not yet come to a standstill, when we saw a locomotive creeping along after us; from some place a man landed on the platform saying, "For Santa Fe, all right, you?" "Yes, all right, Tim," and "Tim" had his engine coupled to the Jerome Marble and was out of the station with it by the time the passengers were out of the rest of the train. When the car was put back into the station, on the rear of the Western train, some general agent or special agent walked in and introduced himself, read Mr. Richards's letter of introduction, and was made at home. He gave us all the news, instructed the conductor, and started us on again. The admirable discipline and the spirit of free masonry among railroad men were a continual surprise to me.

The next day was spent in crossing the Kansas prairies. For a while there were hills here and there of considerable size, but finally the country became as flat as the sea, itself, and every side as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but one dead level of brown grass. Now and then a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, and at still rarer intervals a house, was all that relieved the monotony between stations. A fair sized knoll, with one precipitous rocky side, which was the seat for many miles, is called Pawnee Rock. From the fact of Kit Carson's having fought a band of Pawnees from its top. About one hundred cigars were consumed this day. We sat around and talked about with as much freedom as though at home, and were as comfortable. As for amusement, we had it of various kinds and in sufficient amount. Time did not pass slowly, but the train did. Eighteen miles an hour is the speed out there.

Monday morning I was awakened by the pulling of an extra engine behind pushing us up the slopes of the Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. The level country was behind, while in front and on either side rose lofty ranges, with here and there a snow-capped summit. The train stopped at Raton for breakfast at half past seven. This place is the high-

est point of the road, being between six and seven thousand feet above tide water. It has a daily paper about half the size of THE CITIZEN. Leaving here we ran for hours through a very dry and barren region. The law compels the railroad to have a station at least every fifteen miles. Most of the towns consisted of a station, a water tank, and a house. Cacti began to be very plentiful, but they did not seem half as attractive as at home. Las Vegas Springs, which have become quite noted, are about twenty miles from the railroad. Most of the provisions of the hotels are brought from Kansas City. Even the sod for the lawns was dug in Kansas.

At Lamy and Wallace, towns of some size, there were many Indians, dirty, fat, and greasy for the most part. Some had their faces smeared over with red paint. Some of the young squaws would not have been half bad to look at, had it not been for an excess of dirt and toggery. Late in the afternoon, we descended the mountain on the Arizona side. The grade in some places was one hundred and eighty-five feet to the mile. The train was just allowed to move and no more. If much headway were once gained, stopping would be impossible until the bottom of some dreadfully deep ravine afforded a resting place for the broken timber and twisted iron of what had been cars and engine. This very accident happened not long ago. Every little while we passed over some bridge being rebuilt with great heavy stone abutments, as though for a rushing river, but not a drop of water was visible. In the rainy season these dry beds are filled with water to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, running at torrent speed.

H. E. R.

## Notes from the Mountains.

SAM'S POINT, N. Y., July 12.  
To The Bloomfield Citizen:

Yes! the Point is 2,340 feet above the sea level. We tried to climb the mountain, and do some hard climbing the rest of the way, although some one has arranged steps through the crevices in the rocks, so it is easier. And what if they are uneven? The view repays the toil. We have the complete horizon—Lang Pate, at the north; the Valley and Highlands, Newburg, the Insane Asylum, just out of Middletown, a glimpse of the Hudson, Ellenville, the Canal, the Catskills in short, the country for nearly a hundred miles around. Never has the eye so feasted with seeing.

The ice cave is about a mile further, the entrance narrow and steep, the rocks wet, slippery, and cold. As one descends the light improves, and the walking is easier. At the bottom the light is better, as the rocks are split through overhead. The ice is real, and the temperature such that it keeps through the season. The gentlemen chopped and brought out a large piece, with which we prepared ice-cream, having brought the cream with us. We ate our lunch on the rocks, and did ample justice to the big basket.

On the way back to the Point three of us picked three quarts of berries for breakfast; we thus unite pleasure and profit. We reached the Point in time to see the sunset. You should have been there; the words are weak: Home by the dim light of the new moon! Tired—oh, so tired! The mountain air has toughened us for almost any amount of outdoor exertion, and we undertake without fear of results, for with the morning comes renewed strength.

M. B. S.

## Cream of our Exchanges.

"Plainfield had a sensation Fourth of July morning."

"—So had the small boy who sat down on a lighted fire cracker."

"Hold on a minute"

"—Shouted the swell to a drowning man, as he lunged a cigar stump toward him, and rushed for his bathing suit."

"It is surprising that no new species of animal has appeared since the glacial period."

"—We did not know that the *dude* dated so far back."

"The best thing to give to your child is a good example."

"—A good spanking is often more immediate in its effect."

"Lost—a blue enameled lady's watch."

"—We have heard of ladies who enameled, but thought pink and white were the only colors used."

"A Chicago widow directed that five thousand dollars should be expended for her funeral expenses. She recently died, and the will was carried out."

"The way the widow was carried out carried out the will."

"You will miss me when I'm gone"

"—Warble the ascending cashier."

"Harper's Bazaar declares that a widow should be married in a bonnet."

"—If we were a widow contemplating matrimony, we would prefer being married in church."

"A match factory is to be established at Succasunna."

"They call them hotels at summer watering places."

"The Queen of Italy eats under the eye of a doctor."

"—We hope this modern sword of Damocles is a glass eye."

"A company is organizing to supply Montclair with water."

"—Montclair still follows Bloomfield's lead."

"The 'funny editor' of the Bloomfield Gazette, it is reported, is lying very low, suffering from an attack of complete nervous prostration, brought on by overwork in trying to get up a half column of funnygrams during the hot weather of Fourth of July week."

"The Bloomfield Gazette died years ago. We did not credit the Kearney Record with being quite so far behind the time. Wake up!"

"The trade dollar has always been a source of annoyance."

"—So it has! And every other kind of dollar, too. It is so annoying not to have enough of them."

A FLORIDA hotel keeper was charging a Western traveller three prices for bad accommodations. "What will you do when you have killed the goose that lays the golden egg?" said the grumbling traveller. "Wait for another goose!" said the hard-faced landlady. —New Orleans Picayune.

## Interest or Usury.

To The Bloomfield Citizen:

Being "let" keep silence in the church. I generally avail myself of the privilege; but sometimes I feel compelled to speak in the papers. For instance, the last CITIZEN contains an editorial "About Paying Interest" which I think "means me," and as I never take a position without doing something towards its defence when attacked, I feel "a call" to reply to that article, at the same time being a little suspicious that I am undertaking a work of supererogation.

For I am convinced, on second reading, that whoever wrote "About Paying Interest" is a convert to the theory that the lender and not the borrower should pay interest. No man in earnest would send out anything so full of assailable points as the article referred to.

In the first place, he skips the borrowing and interest-taking entirely, and talks about buying, which is a wholly different transaction. In the next place, he takes a horse as an illustration of money. Now, if there is one thing that delights a non-usurer more than another, it is to have the defender of usury illustrate his position by talking about a horse.

Sumner the logician of New England and New Jersey combined to look at this horse question, as an illustration of the money question.

Let us consider a horse borrowed and not a horse bought, because money isn't bought now. If we were to buy money, however, we should expect to give a dollar for a dollar's worth, and not 6, 8, or 10 cents more.

One important difference in money and horses is that horses eat and money does not. Another is that a horse may be useful to you while you keep him, while money cannot be of any use till you part with it. Considering what it costs to keep a horse, if a man has one that he does not want to use for a time, he would be very foolish not to pay somebody a trifle to borrow it of him till such time as he wants it; provided the borrower will give him ample security that he can have the horse again when wanted, in just as good condition as when he was loaned.

If the owner keeps the horse, he must feed him, take the risk of his being stolen, burnt up, or dying; so I think, if logic has given us any light on this subject, it is in favor of the lender's paying the borrower. What a pity it is that men are not always logical!

We are told that "our friend makes no account of money sunk in unprofitable enterprises, of fires, of floods and wars, unsettling continents and destroying not only property, but nations. The lender has his troubles, as well as the borrower."

Seems to me these things don't prove that "the lender has his troubles as well as the borrower." Ask the Western farmer whose crops are destroyed by floods, who suffers the loss; he, or the man who has loaned him the money and taken a mortgage on the farm?

And now, since the subject has been broached in THE CITIZEN's columns, let me invite all persons who profess to take the Bible as their rule of faith and practice to look up the word "usury" in their concordances. It does not occur many times, but by turning to the places in the Bible where it does occur, it will be found mentioned in company with the most loathsome sins. If you say that interest isn't usury, I respectfully request you to define the difference.

You say "usury is an illegal rate of interest." The Bible says not so; Shakspeare, in "The Merchant of Venice," says not so; and not until the restraints of the Bible grew irksome to greedy men calling themselves Christians did they say so. If you claim to take the Bible as your law, it devolves on you to find out the Bible rate of interest, and take no more, nor countenance the taking of any more, lest you bring on yourselves the curse pronounced on usurers, which are not light.

Coming to the New Testament, I refer you to the reason (given in the Parable of the Talents, Matt. xxv. and Luke xix.) why the unprofitable servant should have put the money out at interest.

In conclusion, let me say, I have on hand nearly fifty hundred of the envelopes referred to in THE CITIZEN of July 7, which are free to any who will use them. They are not furnished to me by "some one from New England," but by the publisher of a well known mercantile journal in New York city. All that I do not give away I expect to circulate through the Bloomfield P. O.

ANTI-USURER.

Bloomfield, July 7, 1883.

## What He Thinks of Us.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

To its Editorial Corps,  
Or more properly, doubtless,  
To its Board of Direction.

Which, however, is also impersonal and consequently irresponsible. Yet we are told that the "Citizen" is the "envision of & its business controlled by said Board. Now if there is such an entity as the Board of Direction of the CITIZEN it must have vitality, intelligence & possibly wisdom, & is presumably in sympathy with its constituents or supporters—the other seven thousand citizens of this town. During the three months past the writer has been an interested "friend" reader, coming every night from the N. W. to the S. E. corner of each without omission or perversion. If now he may conclude that he is in spiritual communication with the great intellectual censor [1] of that entity, the Board of Directors, he would make his deferential bow & offer congratulations for the success that has attended the birth of the young CITIZEN & the first three months of its infantile career.

Its pages have a bright & cheery appearance—but its diminutive size suggests fear that it may never be anything but a runt. Take off its swaddling clothes & give it a chance to welcome our many capable writers to expatiate upon or discuss the numerous educational, social, and moral questions of the day that interest all.

Then, again, allow the suggestion that it needs a responsible head [2]; one that is known to his fellow citizens, and who is accessible to them, & will be reciprocally conversant with them. If he would be useful to them he should frequently have his "public opinion" bath among them, & feel his pulse quickened & nerve strengthened by the laying of that healthful social life current [3]. There may be polite and perhaps necessary reasons for the impersonal character of the great cosmopolitan political journals with their hundreds of thousands of daily circulation all over the country; but I cannot discern any good reason for a local weekly journal, confined to a limited dis-

trict of a few miles, with editors & contributors moving in the same social circles and having in so many respects identical interests, to ensconce itself behind an unapproachable and impersonal screen [4].

The condensed News Summary in THE CITIZEN is admirable. The leading article on the second page is generally well approved.

The communications are of course of various interest & sometimes of considerable merit. That on the Proposed School Building in last issue, by citizen Robert Peele contained valuable suggestions especially about the distribution of Primary Schools so as to be accessible to every neighborhood. I must however doubt the expediency of substituting the less durable material of wood. Rather let the solidity & permanence of the brick or even stone material be symbolic of the weighty & enduring advantages of the good education to be acquired.

POCAHONTAS.

NOTES: 1—This is a keen joke. We spell it *seniorium*, but our correspondent gets a good rap on the presumably critical nature of our supervision.

2—It has a responsible head. If our correspondent had passed beyond the blue degree, he would discover the fact. We like public bathing, but our garments are always well chosen, and we invariably strike for clean water.

3—The first principle of journalism is, that the journal itself should include and subordinate any individual connected with it. Papers that are the personal organs of individuals never are bigger than the individuals themselves.

Finally—As to our size—we're big enough already. As to our work—it will speak for itself. As to being a "runt"—why, the devil will more naturally take the rest of the swine before he touches us. As to free speech—just sail in!—[EDS. CITIZEN.]

Mud.

To The Bloomfield Citizen:

SIR! Will you be so good and have the kindness to excuse me to swear. I find it much easier to refrain from being irascible. As I make my way in your Monroe Place the last before yesterday evening I am surprised by water in a pool. I know not if it be a sidewalk or paved way on which I go, but I know sufficient that I plunge therein and am made muddy and in sharp language utter my thought aloud. I would that you might permit me that I say *confound*! I would confound such a landlord of a house which will not improve his paths. I arrive at my friend's house in bedraggled attire. I am not a good English scholar being a French-German-Swiss, but I have feelings. My friend to me retorts that this news journal is my refuge. Gentlemen I beg your consideration to the case in hand.

Receive the assurance of my distinguished regard.

H. DE ROTZER, Ph.D.

## What to Drink.

A physician writes in the *World of Science* some very interesting things regarding what to drink. The habit of drinking strong tea or black coffee directly after dinner is especially bad, and certainly interferes with digestion. At breakfast time a healthy man has all his sleep in him, and surely it is then unscientific for him to inflict upon his system strong tea or coffee. At tea time tea or coffee may well be indulged in moderately. The bulk of the day's work is done; the body not only wants raising out, but fatigue is felt, which may well be counteracted by the use of a mild stimulant such as tea, and bed-time is not yet so near that sleep is interfered with. Most nations that drink coffee largely are sallow skinned, and I am inclined to think that the carbonaceous matter of the roasted coffee, when so largely and frequently taken, may perhaps have something to do with this. For hard working people who are not corpulent I should suggest the thick-flaked cocoa as the healthiest and most nutritious breakfast beverage. For those who do not want fattening drinks and who often cannot digest cocoa, I should say, drink hot water. Those who drink the latter and make their dinner their main meal need a diluent drink an hour or two afterward; and if they drink tea it keeps them awake or makes them irritable and nervous. I find for myself that dining so idly as I am obliged to do when I have done my work (7:30 P. M.), and often needing to go to bed at 11, a tumbler of hot water brought into my study or laboratory is the best and wholesomest drink, and after a few evenings it will be as much relished as the usual draught of tea. The hot water assists to complete the digestion of residual food, acts upon the kidneys, and rinses out the effete matters, and thus will be found to wake up one sufficiently, and neither to injure the stomach nor to keep the brain awake after bedtime. In cold weather warm water is by far the best drink at dinner-time, and in hot weather a draught of warm water is far wholesomer and more cooling than cold or iced water.

## Recipe for Oatmeal Drink.

The proportions are  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day and the work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and then an ounce or one and a half ounces of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before drinking it, shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer, drink this cold; in winter, hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If you cannot boil it, you can take a little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, and this is not so good; always boil it if make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound, or even  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound, and the water to three quarts if you are likely to be very thirsty. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat flour will do, but not quite so well. Cold tea and skim milk are also good, but not equal to the oatmeal drink.—Dr. Parkes.

THE body of a man with a pencil behind his ear, a pair of shears in his right hand, and his pockets filled with gold has been excavated at Pompeii. He is supposed to have been a custom tailor.—*Lowell Citizen.*

HE who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.—*Seneca.*

WILKIE COLLINS says that Cooper is the only American novelist who has written distinctively American works.

## POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The Mails will Close and Arrive at the Post Office in Bloomfield as follows:

By way of Newark & Bloomfield Railroad.  
Close at 7 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.  
Arrive at 8:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.  
By way of New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad.  
Close at 8:15 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.  
Arrive at 9:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.  
HORACE DODD, Postmaster.  
Bloomfield, N. J., Feb. 12, 1883.

## TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.  
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

## TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:05, 7:15, 7:55, 8:47, 9:22, 11:00 a.m., 12:30, 1:40, 2:40, 3:50, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 12:50 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:05, 7:15, 7:55, 8:47, 9:22, 11:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:40, 2:40, 3:50, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 12:50 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:25, 7:30, 8:10, 9:02, 10:08, 11:18 a.m., 1:08, 1:58, 2:57, 3:57, 6:38, 7:26, 8:27, 10:08, 11:22, 12:21 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:30, 10:40, 11:50 a.m., 1:40, 2:50, 4:30, 5:50, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

## FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:20, 9:40, 10:40 a.m., 12:30, 1:40, 2:40, 3:50, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 12:50 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:25, 8:10, 9:05, 10:15, 11:15 a.m., 1:15, 2:44, 4:18, 5:12, 6:08, 6:58, 7:48, 9:08, 10:28, 11:38, 12:41 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:33, 8:21, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m., 1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:24, 6:15, 7:05, 8:00, 9:14, 10:14, 11:49 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—6:56, 7:38, 8:26, 9:22, 10:29, 11:29 a.m., 1:29, 3:00, 4:29, 5:29, 6:30, 7:10, 8:05, 9:19, 10:55, 11:54 p.m.

## TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:23, 6:57, 7:49, 8:48, 10:47 a.m., 1:23, 4:45, 5:16, 6:50, 9:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:07, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m., 1:33, 4:55, 5:26, 6:59, 10:09 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:06, 7:56, 8:57, 10:56 a.m., 1:40, 4:59, 5:30, 7:03, 10:13 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m., 1:25, 4:50, 5:40, 7:55, 10:55 p.m.

Trains marked \* will run Saturday nights only. Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 7:09 p.m.

## FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:30, 12:00 a.m., 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:40, 9:21 a.m., 12:43, 4:19, 5:21, 6:20, 7:30, 8:30 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—7:02, 9:25 a.m., 1:40, 4:24, 5:26, 6:26, 7:31, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m., 1:53, 4:28, 5:30, 6:40, 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40 p.m.

Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:23 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

Notice of Settlement.—Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscribers, Executors, Administrators, and Assigns of the late Joseph S. Gallagher, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate, and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

SUSAN C. GALLAGHER,  
WILLIAM A. PACKARD,  
AMZI DODD.

Dated May 24, 1883.

JESSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Be it remembered, that on the 19th day of June, 1883, the following Order was made: One Bill, etc. It appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgagee in the bill of complaint in this cause mentioned, is dead, and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown;

It is on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Coult and Howell, of counsel with the Complainant, ordered, that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of Walnut Street in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by Walnut Street on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear, plead answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day of December next, or that in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just.

And it is further ordered that this order shall be published in the *Bloomfield Citizen*, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continued therein at least one week to wit: on the days of Tuesday, the 24th, Wednesday the 25th, Thursday the 26th, Friday the 27th, Saturday the 28th, and Sunday the 29th of the month of July next, and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail, with the postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DAVID A. DEPUY, Judge.

## LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.

TRADE MARK.  
G. H. BOSCH,  
CORNER ABOVE CENTRE MARKET